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us as a helper and a friend. In our more heroic moods we helped to liberate Greece, to unify Italy, to crush the ferocity of the Turks, to rebuke the states that dismembered Poland and oppressed Hungary. But now, when our policy and opportunity have come, what have we done? The Boers may be rude and intolerant, but at any rate they so loved freedom that they wandered into the wilderness rather than struggle with us on the soil which they had by the labor and sweat of generations made their own. And when some men of our race and blood, trading on the fair name of England, tried to raid their territories and steal their freedom, what did we do? Did we gravely and seriously deal with the offense as a wrong to a sister state, with all the greater claim on our consideration that it was so much weaker than ourselves? Did we not rather, by the mouth of our most responsible minister, declare that the man who had been, by a committee of our own Parliament, found most seriously to blame had done nothing unbecoming an honorable statesman? How this affected a distinguished Englishman who supported the party of the minister may be read in Mr. Lecky's last book. But if it so affected an English politician, who was a scholar and a gentleman, how must it have affected the state which suffered from the wrong that England had not courage to redress? Were we within our rights in asking the Boers to redress the grievances of foreigners, while we ourselves left theirs unredressed?

It is not a question of what the Boers were, but of what we owed to ourselves — to the principles we had professed and the policy we had prided ourselves on being able to pursue. The foreigners in the Transvaal may have had many grievances; I question neither their reality nor their gravity — but was war the only or the proper means of redress? They were but a new force in the state; it is not more than sixteen years since they began to be within it — and what is sixteen years in the life of a community? The Dutch of the Transvaal are, we say, a backward people: why then threaten and compel and punish them because they are not more forward than ourselves? Have we forgotten through how many generations the dissenters suffered under the most vexatious disabilities; the years and violence and fears that it took to carry Catholic emancipation; the agitation and unrest that came upon us before the Jews were enfranchised? And why should we expect a race jealous of its national independence and order to be more expeditious than we have been, especially in the face of foreign plots and threats of superior force?

And what has happened to us in South Africa? Can any man measure the loss we have sustained and are destined still to sustain? There is hardly a family from peasant to prince that does not mourn a son or a brother. No one would lament, however much they might mourn, losses in a just, a noble or a necessary cause; but what turns our lamentations into anger is the loss in a cause so disproportionate to the cost of so many of the bright and brave sons which our mother-land, our daughter-colonies and our most dependent dependencies so sorely need. The English are a patient people, with a conscience not easily touched when the world is looking on, but once they are awake, they do not again slumber until they have executed judgment and exacted retribution for wrong.

What Is Man?

BY PROF. C. E. WALKER, D. D.

TEXT.— If we saw the lion *one day* tearing in pieces every animal that crossed his path, and the *next* oppressed with remorse for the death of his victims, or compassionately healing those whom he had mangled, we should exclaim, "What an inconsistent creature!" — *Geo. Combe.*

From whence is man? a god of war!
He goeth forth his friends to mar,
Defying love and making strife;
With scenes of carnage taking life.

He wasteth wealth, he taxeth toil;
He plunders lands and homes for spoil;
And knoweth not what is for good,
But quencheth thirst with human blood.

Man spoileth man as foe 'gainst foe,
And spreadeth everywhere great woe;
Considereth not that God's great plan
Was that each should be *brother-man.*

He goeth forth in bloody war
And heareth trouble near and far;
Then prayeth God that wars may cease,
That earth be blessed with endless peace.

He taketh monies from his homes
And to his "enemy" he comes,
With crosses red and cotton bands,
To bind the wounds with dexterous hands.

He weeps o'er wounds that he has made,
And prays that bloody wars be stayed;
For orphans made at his behest
Seeks aid, that crying ones be blest.

Man prays for victory of arms,
And says that wicked war hath charms;
That nations must themselves protect;
That peace, as yet, we can't expect.

Then forth to "conferences" he goes,
To help the nations prevent woes
Of army strife and wicked waste;
To bring the *kingdom* with all haste.

He patches up his conscience clear;
He makes a *scythe* out of a spear,
And hangs the emblem on the wall,
Then dedicates the room "*Peace Hall.*"

He goeth home, prays "*Kingdom come*";
Then marcheth forth with fife and drum,
And scattereth life with shot and shell,
Thus making out of earth a hell.

For "war is hell," as Sherman said;
It strews the earth with brothers dead;
It breaks up homes; it crushes right,
Exalteth wrong by arm of might.

The wars of earth, as history tells,
Have wrought more ruin than all else.
A "congress" meets and prays for *peace,*
But still from wars we've no release.

For what is man? from whence is man?
Has he within a moral plan?
Can he escape this thirst for blood?
Has he a *sense* of common good?

Can we expect that "On earth peace,
Good will to men"— all strifes to cease,
And man reveal a life of love,
Unless in-breathed from God above?

From whence the spirit seen in man
That brings defeat to God's great plan?
It is the selfish heart, *not love;*
That is a life breathed from above.

Then look above, pray to the Lord;
The message find within His word;
Inspire with love each manly life,
And that will end this warring strife.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEV., Feb. 14, 1900.

A Plea for the Peace Lover and the Peacemaker in an Era of War and Strife.

BY DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

From a Sermon preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

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"If it be possible live peaceably with all men."

This injunction to peace was given in an age of war. The times were full of tumult. Palestine was overrun with schemers, ambition was rioting, avarice burned day and night. The people were restless and oppressed, and plotted social revolution. Society included but three classes, the poor, who were beggars, the rich, who were sycophants, and the soldiers, who for gold fulfilled a tyrant's will. In a word, it was the era of Nero, who destroyed Seneca, his teacher, slew Agrippina, his mother, and murdered Octavia, his wife. Amidst such conditions, traitors were found in the synagogue and poisoners in the palace, while hired spies knelt side by side with praying Christians. Soon fierce persecution arose. Then the disciples experienced the horrors of the dungeon, the thumb-screw and the faggot. The Emperor began to practise cruelty as a fine art. He clothed the Christian in garments dipped in pitch and tar, and used their blazing bodies to light up his garden party. Outraged, the disciples thought of swords and shields. How could they live in peace with those who came up against them with the sword and spear? Instinct whispered, "Defend thyself"; self-interest urged, "Meet stroke with stroke and storm with storm." But in the hour when persecution was fiercest, Paul urged non-resistance. He bade the disciples meet the spy with pity, meet the jailer with gentleness, meet the executioner with forgiveness, and so heap coals of fire upon the head of each enemy. Misunderstanding this policy of non-resistance, the persecutor whetted his sword anew, or starved his lions to-day, that to-morrow the beasts might be the fiercer for human blood. And when all the instruments of destruction were ready, the murderers leaped upon the non-resisting disciples. Then, indeed, did Christ's followers go forth as sheep amidst wolves. Then did the dove attempt to dwell with the eagle and the hawk. Having pledged universal conquest to these sons of gentleness, Christ sent his peacemakers forth amidst the thunder of universal battle.

NO PEACE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG.

What a paradox is involved in this injunction to peaceful living! "Abhor that which is evil," yet love the evil doer! Maintain peace with thy friends, and maintain peace with thine enemies! What unique contradiction meets us here! History does indeed tell us of a Roman soldier who was conducted to the beasts in the Coliseum, but when the lion sprang into the arena it stopped, startled by the voice of the soldier. A moment later the lion was crawling at the feet of the prisoner and licking his hands. The event showed that once, while passing through the African forests, this soldier chanced upon a lion who was suffering from a thorn passed through the foot. By extracting the thorn he made the wild beast to be his friend and a pet. And months later he met the lion in the arena! Perhaps there is some basis of truth in this tale that charmed our childhood. Certainly, it is less strange than that such a man as the beloved disciple John should by his gentleness extract the fangs of cruelty from some Nero or some Domitian, monsters these, whose fierce cruelty exceeds that of hungry lions. Nevertheless, good men and true are commanded to maintain peace with all men, while also maintaining an uncompromising hostility against every form of iniquity. But difficult indeed the task. How can Moses, heir to the throne of Egypt, abhor the cruelties perpetrated upon his enslaved brethren, and yet live peaceably with the overseers who abused those whom he loved? How can David, hunted like a partridge upon the mountains and dodging the javelin that King Saul hurls, live at peace with the tyrant who sought his life by day and night? How can Paul live peaceably with the mob at Ephesus and at Iconium — a mob drunk with hatred and cruelty, and stoning the scholar through the streets, and leaving him half dead by the wayside? How can Socrates live in peace with the judges, who gave him this sharp alternative, "Deny thy conscience, or drink the cup of poison." In a critical hour Lorenzo the Magnificent sent for Savonarola the monk. Ushered into the soft and silken chamber, the dying Lorenzo asked Savonarola for pardon that he might die in peace. But the prophet of God replies that he will give him absolution as his confessor when he has done two things. "Relinquish thy ill-gotten wealth!" When Lorenzo, struck with surprise and grief, nodded assent, Savonarola rose above the prince who lay cowering with fear and exclaimed, "Restore liberty to the people of Florence!" In that hour Lorenzo turned his face toward the wall, without uttering a word, and Savonarola left his presence without granting him absolution. When steel meets flint, shall not the fire fly? And when the prophet of God meets the elegant epicurean who lived for the flesh, is it any wonder that a war of words was heard in Lorenzo's death chamber? There can be no treaty of peace between righteousness and iniquity. Luther cannot live in peace with the Pope who sells indulgences for sin. Cromwell cannot live in peace with Charles, who robs the people of their liberty. Garrison cannot be good friends with men who sold slaves in the market place of Baltimore. For all such Christ's word is, "I have come, not to send peace, but a sword."

THE VICTORY OF PEACE.

But when three centuries have passed by, behold what victories were won by these peace lovers and peacemakers! If Christ abhorred sin and breathed forth words that were like flames of fire consuming men's iniquities, he also maintained peace with Judas, who betrayed his Master, and with Pilate, who tortured the man in whom he said he found no fault. The heart of his divine career is silence and non-resistance, and the secret of the early victories of Christianity is the watchword of the disciples, "Blessed are the peacemakers." If, from the vantage ground of to-day, we recall the early